



# The Night Has a Thousand Eyes

Henry Holden Huss  
(1862-1953)

Slowly and with tenderness and delicacy  $\text{♩} = 72$

*dolcissimo*

S  
The night has a thou - sand eyes, And the day \_\_\_\_\_ but

A  
The night \_\_\_\_\_ has a thou - sand eyes, And the day \_\_\_\_\_ but

T  
The night \_\_\_\_\_ has a thou - sand eyes, And the day \_\_\_\_\_ but

B  
The night has a thou - sand eyes, And the day \_\_\_\_\_ but

## The Night Has a Thousand Eyes

4

S one; Yet the light of the bright world dies With the

A one; Yet the light of the bright world dies With the

T one; Yet the light of the bright world dies With the

B one; Yet the light of the bright world dies With the

7

S set - - - ting sun. The

A set - - - ting sun. The

T set - - - ting sun. The

B set - - - ting sun. The

*pp*

10

S mind has a thou - sand eyes, And the heart but

A mind has a thou - sand eyes, And the heart but

T mind has a thou - sand eyes, And the heart but

B mind has a thou - sand eyes, And the heart but

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13

S one; Yet the light of a whole life dies When *p*

A one; Yet the light of a whole life dies When *p*

T one; Yet the light of a whole life dies When *p*

B one; Yet the light of a whole life dies When *p*

16

S love, when love is done, , *p*

A love, when love is done, Yet the light of a , *p*

T love, when love is done, Yet the light of a , *mf*

B love, when love is done, Yet the light of a , *p*

19

S When love, when love is done, is done. *p rit. pp*

A whole life dies When love, when love is done, is done. *p rit. pp*

T whole life dies When love, when love is done, is done. *f p rit. pp*

B whole life dies When love, when love is done, is done. *mf p rit. pp*

**Henry Holden Huss** (1862–1953) was born in Newark, New Jersey, and grew up in New York City. He first studied piano with his father and other teachers, and traveled to Munich, Germany, to study at the Royal Conservatory and with J. Rheinberger. He returned to settle in New York City as a teacher, concert pianist, and composer. His compositions were highly regarded and include works in many genres. He died in NYC.

The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the setting sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.

Francis William Bourdillon (1852–1921)

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